The Saturday Review of Literature

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New England via W. P. A.

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IT is not likely that future numbers of the American Guide Series will be much better than the New England section,* now completed by the publication of "Connecticut," except as they may profit in detail from mistakes made by the pioneers. It is certain that some will be inferior to them, in spite of the frantic efforts of the overworked Washington staff, because the quality and amount of literary intelligence available elsewhere is sure to be, sometimes, inferior. One may therefore generalize with some assurance about the results of the Writers' Project on the basis of these six state guides.

"Even the admirable local tours are less important than the cross-country itineraries." (Highway near Shelbourne, N. H.)

Briefly, then, these are fascinating and invaluable books, books which everyone who is interested in New England or who intends to do any touring there must be overwhelmingly grateful to have, books which can be read with great interest and which can be used easily and profitably as guides. But they fall considerably short of the ideal and even of the readily attainable. They are confused in purpose, sizable parts of them have little justification, they contain some matter which has neither relevance nor interest, and they make an unhappy number of small mistakes. Considering the difficulties under which they were assembled they are remarkable achievements, but a trained personnel working free of interference and toward a clearly defined end could have done a better job —and, if this is a relevant value, could have done it at a tenth or less than a tenth of the cost.

The story of the extemporized organization working under fierce pressure, of the seismic convulsions and reversals it suffered, of the various conflicts within and the raids by public and semi-public officials from without, of political expedients and bureaucratic inertia—will make, if it is ever told frankly, a saga highlighted with tragedy and farce. Only a few aspects of it are relevant here, in explanation. To begin with, at least seventy percent of the people employed on the guides were writers only by aspiration or appointment. In effect, a writer was a candidate for Relief who could not be classified as anything else. Basically this was a tragic necessity of Relief and must be respected as such, though sometimes it was just a convenience of ward politics. (In one State headquarters—not in New England—a toilet overflowed one day and four journeyman plumbers on the editorial staff volunteered to repair it.) Few of these hastily commissioned writers had had any experience at gathering data or writing prose; many lacked intelligence; some were almost illiterate. Field workers thus dubiously qualified for the job poured in on branch and main headquarters millions of words of material—material whose value was microscopic and whose authenticity could never be relied upon. The principal job, therefore, became one of editing—and the little groups of headquarters editors, understaffed, criminally overworked, harassed by constantly changing regulations from above and by innumerable kinds of local interference, have had one of the most painful tasks of which literature has any record. They had to check the millions of words, edit them, boil them down to a couple of hundred thousand—and in the end, they usually had to go out and do the work over again by themselves. Sometimes, even, a sort of flying squadron of more hard-boiled and more effective editors had to be brought in from Washington to do the job once more.

It is through this chink that the errors have crept in. No editors who had to work with such material in such circumstances could be expected to spot them all. Few of them are important—except than any error in any guidebook is important. It does not matter that Jamestown was not a permanent settlement, as "New Hampshire" says it was; that the Mormon Church was not founded at Nauvoo, as "Vermont" says it was; that George William Curtis did not write "The Easy Chair" for *Harper's Weekly*, or that that was not the title of his department. But even such small mistakes are unfortunate, and it is worse than unfortunate when a house is moved across the street, a marker misplaced, or a style of architecture misnamed.

Again, the guides suffer because Washington never quite made up its mind what kind of books it wanted. Apparently a lot of fine New Deal hopefulness colored the first intention with rose-madder, and there was some purpose of rendering

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* *MASSACHUSETTS: A Guide to Its Places and People. The American Guide Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1937. $2.50.
VERMONT: A Guide to the Green Mountain State. The same. 1937. $2.50.
MAINE: A Guide "Down East." The same. 1937. $2.50.
RHODE ISLAND: A Guide to the Smallest State. The same. 1937. $2.50.
NEW HAMPSHIRE: A Guide to the Granite State. The same. 1938. $2.50.
CONNECTICUT: A Guide to Its Roads, Lore, and People. The same. 1938. $2.50.

Next Week

THE CROWNING OF A KING
By ARNOLD ZWEIG
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

EAGLE FORGOTTEN
By HARRY DAVIS
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

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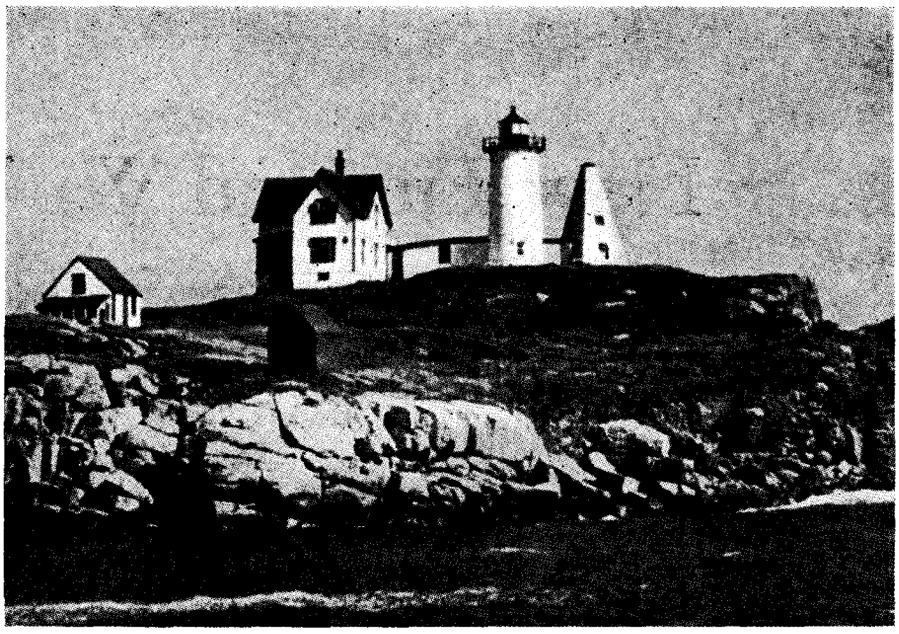
a righteous judgment on the defects of American civilization. These would be not only guidebooks but a summons to a finer way of life. But public money was paying for them and so public officials like governors and mayors and semi-public bodies like the Chamber of Commerce promptly strangled this threat to local business. The result is sometimes a melancholy indecisiveness of assertion with neither color nor tang and with little relevance, aimless, subjective comment uninteresting in itself and inappropriate to a guidebook.

This shows itself in the introductory essays which make up from a fifth to a fourth of each volume. They are the conspicuous weakness of the guides, and, quite apart from frustrated righteousness, one doubts the value of such essays. "Vermont" is the most satisfying of these six guides—and its superiority would seem to be explained by the brevity of its introductory essays. How useful, how desirable, are such essays? The chapter on history in "Massachusetts" is an expert summary—but it is overlong, and who will read it, what is it useful for, what is it doing in a book like this? On the other hand, the chapter on literature in "Massachusetts" is capricious, biased, and frequently wrong—it would be interesting in a volume of *belles lettres* but if anyone reads it here he will be getting an odd form of federal bounty. Three of the guides have essays on "Folklore," a subject which would seem appropriate for treatment in a separate essay if any is, but the three contain little that is specific to their respective states or even to New England. The essays on flora and fauna are even more generalized. Those on architecture are usually good, and those on geology even better—and this fact suggests the best solution to the problem, if general summaries had to be introduced. Technical information should have been segregated and, as in "Vermont," should have been reduced to the useful minimum. Specific information should have been distributed through the tours, subjective interpretation should have been omitted entirely, and, if it was decided that more space must be used up, the chapter on Conservation in "Rhode Island" and the one on Sports and Amusements in "New Hampshire" should have been imitated and amplified.

In general, the writing is good—workmanlike, to the point, free of adjectives. Only a little lyric ecstasy appears, and most of that is in "Maine." The Chambers of Commerce are most active Down East, and they are abetted by the local crop of poets with bright lavender hair on their chests. But it is hard to praise the illustrations. Part of their failure was unavoidable under the conditions established, for the books had to be produced to sell at a low price. That meant gravure: but gravure means the loss of detail and the degradation or destruction of the middle tones. Gravure was unavoidable but also the guides yield to the current fashion of overcorrection, of photographing everything through a red filter on panchromatic plates. Take "Whipple House, Ipswich" and "The Connecticut Valley" in "Massachusetts" as examples. Worse illustrations can hardly be imagined. The greatest beauty of the New England countryside, its foliage, is brutally misrepresented when a pine tree in strong summer sunlight comes out snowy white against a dead black sky, and what is the value of an architectural photograph from which all the detail has been pinched out? It would have been better to give us only half as many photographs, or less than half, and to make them halftones; it would have been still better to take them through the lightest yellow filter or to dispense with filters altogether.



"Only a little lyric ecstasy appears, and most of that is in 'Maine.'"

A guidebook, however, must stand or fall on its tours, and here, where the difficulties were greatest, these books score an unquestionable triumph. They are the justification of this unwieldy labor, intelligent, packed, and enormously usable. It is true that, since in New England the main direction of travel is from the south northward, one might quarrel with those itineraries that begin at the northern end, and somewhat less realistically one might argue that more tourists will travel from Boston or Hartford or Providence as a base than will travel toward them from elsewhere in New England. But any route must be followed in reverse by some of those who travel it, and it is neither difficult nor annoying to use these tours backward. I should have liked some experimentation—perhaps a few main tours arranged with a double mileage-reading, going and coming, or a few set up in defiance of typographical conventions so that they might be more easily read in the car. But when so much has been accomplished it is ridiculous to complain, and a race of tourists who have had only Socony and local barkers to rely on can now rejoice in guidebooks that have what they want and will entertain them and inform them as well.

In each volume the cities and the larger towns have been segregated and treated at length. The coverage is always adequate and sometimes microscopic—"Rhode Island," with the smallest acreage to bother about, succeeds in giving Newport forty-two pages, which is one page more than Boston gets in "Massachusetts." The editing has been superb here and it is impossible to suggest a better division or arrangement. The "foot tours" are devised to cover all scenic and geographical interests, all places of historical or literary importance, and many industrial and commercial and educational landmarks. They are excellently supported by motor tours through the immediate vicinities. The subsidiary information about lodgings, restaurants, and transportation is as good as it can be made while public officials and commercial organizations are given the power of censorship. We are still leagues behind Baedeker and Michelin, and the stranger coming into town still has no way of finding out how much a good bed will cost him, where he can eat with reasonable security from ptomaine, or which hostelry serves a genuine *vin du pays* and which gets it from the Bronx. (To scof-

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Transplanted Family

PROMENADE. By G. B. Lancaster. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.50.

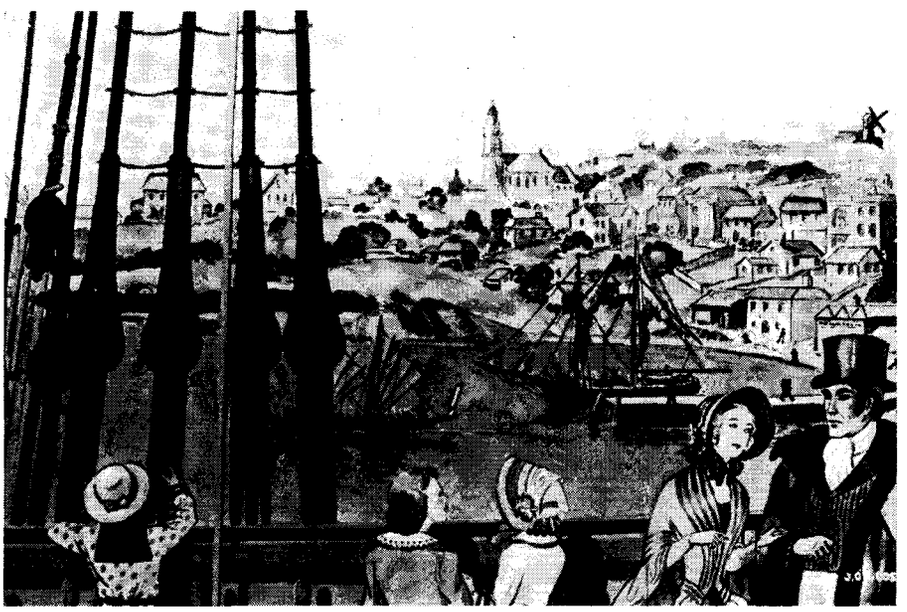
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is rare that an author sets himself so large a canvas as has Miss Lancaster, and succeeds so well with a full-bodied historical novel. Her "Promenade" covers the lives of several generations of an aristocratic English county family transplanted to New Zealand, and deals in sweeping yet detailed fashion with the settlement and growth of New Zealand through all its vicissitudes of struggle with the native Maoris. The story begins in England in 1839 at Lovel Old Hall, with a "black Lovel," Peregrine, on the eve of marrying lovely Sally Vibart and taking her, her younger orphan sister, Darien, and members of his own family, to New Zealand. It follows the political career of Peregrine, and ends in New Zealand in the twentieth century, with Sally and Peregrine—"that stiff black rig"—both departed this life, and Darien an old lady who has lived vibrantly and fully. The research applied to the history of New Zealand has obviously been exhaustive; but to the very end Miss Lancaster's writing demonstrates her ability to stay the course without finding it at all exhausting. So can the reader, for the book is filled with dramatic episodes and living characters.

The Lovel women top the men in interest. First it is Sally, married off, while still justifying her nickname of "Sal-volatile," at the age of fifteen—and soon, in a strange land, becoming the mother of four children born to an excessively dominating husband. Then there is Darien, whose life is linked at times throughout—though not in marriage—with Nick Flower the smuggler, actually a Lovel on the wrong side of the blanket. Her tawny hair remains the ensign of an unbroken spirit, and she develops a very worldly eye toward the main chance. One of Sally's daughters, Tiffany, carries on the line of fascinating Lovel women with a tragic love affair. At the end of the book it is Prue, one of Sally's granddaughters, who promises to continue the rebellious strain.

In the background of the Lovels' family history are young English officers, Maori chiefs, a pageant of colonials, statesmen, politicians, and planters: all these are woven into the web of New Zealand history, with its tale of blunderings by the English Colonial office and by well-meaning English Governors. At the end of the book, significantly enough, Hemi Fleete, who had loved and been refused by Tiffany, becomes a Maori Member of Parliament in New Zealand and some of his grandsons are fighting with other Maoris in the World War in Europe. The novel deals vigorously with the upsurge of new generations against the mandates of the old, but also, and mellowly, with the morals and manners of an elder day. Sympathetic treatment of the family rebels and of the natives in the Maori War accompanies a keen relish for the atmosphere of the new land and all its aspects, from colonial politics and social life to gold-mining and sheep-raising.

To sum up, one might say that Miss Lancaster is the Galsworthy of New Zealand. Hers is also the saga of an English family, transplanted but not subdued. The present reviewer believes that she has created in the Lovel women portraits that will not fade for some time.



"A pageant of colonials, statesmen, politicians, and planters—all these are woven into the web of New Zealand history."

Norman Collins is more hard-boiled than Richard Harding Davis was.

Soldier of Misfortune

FLAMES COMING OUT OF THE TOP. By Norman Collins. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

VARIOUS reviewers, some of them in this paper, have from time to time lamented the decline of English fiction, pointing out the superior vitality of the younger American novelists to the British brothers. Possibly there are no Faulkners or Steinbecks in England, but there are some very good young novelists just the same; and what they have in common, more than anything else, is vitality. A casual list would include C. S. Forester, Arthur Calder-Marshall, C. Day Lewis, and certainly Norman Collins. Without representing a "school" or a "movement," these young men have abandoned the stream of consciousness and are bringing back the essential element of story-telling. It's time for a few cheers from the bleachers, and even from the press box.

"Flames Coming out of the Top" is a good story—a good, intelligent story, lean in structure, subtle in characterization, allegro in action. You might call it the story of the soldier of fortune, with a modern twist. Young Dunnett, who is promoted from a London clerkship to chase a bad debt in Bolivia, and who develops considerable resource and tenacity in the process, is a character who would have delighted Richard Harding Davis. Norman Collins is more hard-boiled than Richard Harding was, and he leaves the young man to his own devices, which is to say that he stacks no cards in his hero's favor. Dunnett gets the run-around from his customer, Señor Muras, and after a succession of wittily contrived parries and thrusts, he follows the fleeing Bolivian into the Chaco, where the Paraguayan war is raging.

At this point the story, which has up to now been both ironic and dramatic,

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plunges into violence of all sorts, and occasionally the drama goes over the line into melodrama. Mr. Collins does it well, and keeps you glued to your seat, but he does it a bit too much. One torrid episode in particular has no counterpart in outlandish improbability since a similar episode in William Faulkner's "Pylon." But the actual battle scene in the Chaco, when the Bolivians are surprised by the Paraguayans, and Dunnett escapes with a nasty wound in his leg, is excellent. Also, the end of the story is an effective surprise; you don't foresee it, but Dunnett does just what he probably would do under the circumstances.

Much of the incidental by-play is very good—particularly Dunnett's correspondence with the London office. The South American characters are entirely believable, whether or not they are true to their actual types. There is a vivid volcanic eruption. A seasoned traveler or a native Bolivian might find much to take issue with—for instance, the endowment of that republic with a seacoast—but these are irrelevant matters in a novel that makes no pretense to be anything but fiction, and is certainly good of its kind.

Reverse English on Hollywood

I LOST MY GIRLISH LAUGHTER. By Jane Allen. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.

EVEN a case-hardened reader who recalls other stories about Hollywood, who has seen "Once in a Lifetime" and "Boy Meets Girl," who has been impressed by innumerable news items about terrified authors in flight from the Coast, will enjoy this novel. Not because it says anything that George S. Kaufman and the Spewacks left out, but because it has a fresh approach, a charming personality of its own, and an agreeably nasty reverse English on its point of view. The story is told by Madge Lawrence, who gets a job as secretary to one of the big producers (it doesn't matter which one, though there are hints of a roman à clef), and then goes from one end of the phantasmagoria to the other, getting a big laugh out of everything. The plot is as usual: the producer buys a play for $275,000; alters it beyond recognition, partly in deference to the Hays office, partly to make a vehicle for a new European actress; the actress turns out to be a ham, and the picture has to be remade around the male lead, a nice young actor who goes thoroughly Hollywood in the process—you know the rest. What you don't know is that the story is told expertly, that Miss Allen, if she doesn't change the Hollywood picture essentially, adds some highly provocative details; that Madge Lawrence is a very nice girl; and that the book is extremely funny. Don't miss it.

Culture on Wheels

MORALLY WE ROLL ALONG. By Gay MacLaren. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by CARL CARMER

GAY MACLAREN is a self-confessed dramatic recital artist. For years she has been able to give before public audiences entire plays "in the voices and actions of all the members of the casts." This book, which suffers from a cheaply punning title, is a simple record of those years, almost all of which were spent in the employ of "traveling Chautauquas." Here is the whole potpourri of entertainment cunningly devised in the name of religion and culture to attract the dollars of rural Americans hungry for self-improvement. Here are the bell-ringers and the monologists, the yodelers and the ventriloquists, the Indians, the family orchestras, the Negro glee clubs, the White Hussars whose bass soloist could sing "Asleep in the Deep" with a penultimate note that brought down the house. Here too are the spellbinders, "live men with live messages" repeating over and over again their famous speeches, "The Silver Lining," "Take the Sunny Side," "Second Fiddles," "The Man Who Can," "Go Givers and Go Getters," "Acres of Diamonds," "The University of Hard Knocks," to audiences who leave the Chautauqua tent determined ever after to abide by the banal truisms delivered with hyper-dramatic emphasis a few moments before.

With honest objectivity Gay MacLaren has told, too, of the chicanery attendant upon securing a town's support for a Chautauqua, of the social pressures brought to bear on prospective subscribers, of the poor, earnest schoolteachers, so busy selling tickets to avoid possible deficits that they could not attend performances, of the college-boy tent crews fluttering the hearts of the village girls.

Generously larded with stories of the road and with anecdotes of the great political figures who chose to present their ideas to America's voters from the Chautauqua platform (Bryan, Taft, Coolidge, and others), "Morally We Roll Along" is a pleasant enough addition to our general knowledge of the Chautauqua period. It presents very satisfactorily the pathetic sterility of the lives of hundreds of thousands of Americans in thousands of towns during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and it shows, by disclosing the tremendous eagerness of these people, what opportunities now exist, with our increased facilities for communication, for raising the general standards of taste in America. Perhaps the floundering adult-education experts of the broadcasting companies might learn a few lessons in the technique of presentation from the Chautauquas of just yesterday.

The style of "Morally We Roll Along" is hardly better than pedestrian and its observation goes little below the surface. It leaves an abundance of room, as have its predecessors on the same subject, for an able and significant study of one of the most interesting phases of America's search for cultural development.

Carl Carmer is the author of "Stars Fall on Alabama" and "Listen for a Lonesome Drum."

Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy started on Chautauqua. (From "Morally We Roll Along.")

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The Minister of War of Sung attempted to pull down the tree under which Master Kung was giving instruction to his disciples. (From "Master Kung.")

Celestial Confucius

MASTER KUNG. The Story of Confucius. By Carl Crow. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by KENNETH S. LATOURETTE

AS an example of popularization this book has much to commend it. Mr. Crow is not a specialist on Confucius and makes no pretense of being one. He is a journalist and business man who has lived long in China. Unlike too many of his kind, he has had a real interest in the people and the culture of the land of his sojourn. He writes readably and well. He appreciates the fact that Confucius has not only done more to mold the Chinese than has any other single individual of that race, but is also one of the great figures of human history. It is Confucius the man whom the book attempts to depict, not as a symbol, but as a real person, with marked characteristics due in large part to his environment, his parentage, and his rearing, and with a history which has in it an undercurrent of sadness and of seeming defeat. In drawing the portrait Mr. Crow has had in mind not the specialists, but the general English-reading public. He has not sought to master all the literature on Confucius, but has drawn his material from a few well known and excellent books. Skillfully interweaving chronological narrative with selections from the sayings of Confucius, he has also endeavored to sketch the background of the contemporary China without which an understanding of Confucius is impossible.

The reader who brings to the book no previous knowledge of China will carry away a vivid impression of Confucius and his teachings. The style is lively and the pages are not overloaded with the names which to the average uninitiated Occidental are bizarre and confusing. Mr. Crow has presented in unforgettable fashion Confucius as he understands him.

In many ways, however, the book is a disappointment. Its pages are peppered with errors of fact. Thus on the very first page of the preface the statement that James Legge gave "to Christian countries their first authentic information regarding Chinese literature and culture" blandly ignores the extensive translations by the Roman Catholic missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which had so profound an effect upon progressive European thinkers who laid the intellectual foundations for the liberal and radical movements of the latter part of the eighteenth century. Also, it is not correct to say that pictorial art "had its first great development" during the T'ang dynasty. Some beautiful examples of pictorial art of much earlier times survive either in the original or in copies. The Chinese writing "brush" or pen had its inception centuries before and not after Confucius. It is not true that the written language is "uniform." It has many different styles and forms, so much so that some experts think of it not as one but as several languages. The list might be lengthened almost indefinitely.

More serious still is the failure to see Confucius as emerging from one of the most important periods of intellectual ferment in the history of mankind. It was in the centuries immediately before and after Confucius that the Chinese mind, with marked acumen and with sharply conflicting answers, was wrestling with problems of social and political philosophy. Here were developed most of the main schools of thought which were to shape the later China. Of all this, unfortunately, Mr. Crow gives only a few hints.

It is unfortunate that a book possessed of so many excellences should have defects which a better familiarity with past and current scholarship could so easily have rectified.

K. S. Latourette is the author of "The Chinese, Their History and Culture."

Rebel against Rebels

BURGOS JUSTICE. By Ruiz Vilaplana. With a Foreword by Elliot Paul. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by ISAAC GOLDBERG

THE author of this unpretentious book was Dean of the Commissioners of Justice in Burgos, Spain. He was not, at first, a politically-minded person; he continued into the regime of Franco through a sort of bureaucratic inertia. An inexcusable murder, veiled in transparent motive, opened his eyes and his heart to the injustice of the Insurgent cause; he did not so much abandon what he never had accepted as repudiate what he could not condone.

This book is his apologia; it was written partly because the author wished his children to say, when they grow up and read his account: "Father gave up his future, his whole career, and crossed over to the suffering, bleeding Republican camp. We had to begin life over again without any of the comforts and luxuries to which we had been accustomed: we learned the meaning of struggle and privation, but . . . by God! Father was right!" It is easy to consider that Señor Vilaplana's children symbolize for him the future Spain.

According to this deposition—the original was called *Doy fe,* which means "I certify"—Generalissimo Franco is an altogether unimpressive fellow who cannot be made popular even with the intrusion of his picture into all movie performances. The true power behind him is not so much Mussolini as Hitler. Even should Franco win, it would be at most the "victory of a foreign army that has invaded Spain . . ."

The account is the more effective for its sad simplicity. Nor is it only personal. For the American reader it provides an exceptionally clear and absorbing panorama of Spain today. There are intimate views of personalities high and humble. Questions of church, army, law, property, are considered in calm but intensely moving prose. Vilaplana, himself a Catholic, points out that the word Catholic has, "unfortunately, a distinct political connotation in Spain—although there are as many good Catholics on the Government side as there are supporting General Franco."

Undoubtedly this "Year's Experience of Nationalist Spain"—such is the subtitle of the narrative—is one of the outstanding documents of the so-called civil war in that unhappy country. Spain is, and has always been, one of the toughest problems for the foreigner, and especially for the American. A nation of intense individualism, of granite-like courage, it asks for understanding in its many seemingly contradictory details. It is not the least of Señor Vilaplana's services to have provided a graphic background for such an understanding.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Private Reading

EVEN reading, and private study (which is reading), are becoming institutionalized. President Conant and all the university and college presidents, are talking about adult education, and a good subject it is to talk about. As President Seymour of Yale said last week, when a student takes his B.A., the university faintly hopes that he is ready to get really educated. Not even a first-rate institution can guarantee more than an understructure for education, at age twenty-two or twenty-three. But if the pamphlets, circulars, tracts, magazine articles, and correspondence-course suggestions that come to an editorial desk can be trusted, the vast majority of adults interested, and most of those who cater to them, are thinking exclusively in terms of institutions. What can I do to be saved, for my intellectual interests stopped growing when I left college? Why, write to an institution and get a course, or go to an institution and get a course, or ask someone knowing in such matters to direct your reading.

These answers are good enough, if the prescriptions work. But they do not seem to cure mental inertia, or at least male mental inertia. If our women are the most curious intellectually in the world, and the most willing to be dosed with facts and ideas, our men are the least curious, even in economics and politics which would seem to be their business. Here is a test question. How many college graduates have done any reading, any study, any real thinking on the interrelations of business and government since the war? Yet here there have developed both necessities and dangers for which their formal education, unless very recent, has given them few or no frames of reference. And here also there has been a vast and important literature, which is as significantly new in the experience it analyzes and the ideas it deals with as the new physics. Who would attempt to explain the phenomena involved in radio transmission by the physics he studied in college in 1920? Yet in problems of much more importance for society, the college graduate stands pat in what he learned in the past in his schooling, or deduces in the present from the narrow grounds of his own business.

The strength of the pre-Civil War America, when, among leaders, social, spiritual, and psychological problems outweighed, as they do today, the individual necessity of making money, was its private reading. Any student of the period when the Republic was formed, or of that intense idealistic movement in New England of the thirties to the fifties which did so much to crystallize American ideals when America at large was even more materialistic than today—any such student must be impressed by the amount of private reading—and by men. There is little doubt that the small town of Concord (exceptional of course) was more vitally conversant with the best that was being said and thought throughout the civilized world, than any university town today. And yet Concord contained no institution, and owed little to any institution except the Harvard library in Cambridge. Not only in Concord, but in the South, in the new West, in Philadelphia and New York, the private libraries of the leaders in the community are always surprising when one remembers the wide and immediate opportunities for profitable activity in a country that could readily be made profitable without books.

Private libraries now grow rare, though public libraries increase out of measure to the possibility of caring for them adequately. That is not significant. A home library may be a dead thing. It is the books read that count. And here, while institutions may help, it is only a radically changed attitude toward private reading—especially by men—that is likely to further adult education. What *should* be said is not private reading, but private study. The inevitably superficial or incomplete transcripts of thinking that one gets in magazines, are easy to read, but impossible to study. It is said that the day of the essay is past. Nonsense, the essay, in its root meaning an assay, a suggestion, is in its boom period. Most men at least read only assays, suggestions, notes, proposals, guesses. They have taken no time for the books that lie behind—for real reading and real thinking. Adult education of the college graduate in this country will begin only when he feels the need of more education, of more reading. Then lists, such as the recent Harvard readings in American history and literature, will help him, then lectures may be of use, and even courses; although experience has shown that the man who has been given the broad frames of reference in college, and taught there (a hard thing) how to read and to study, needs not so much more teaching, as lists of books and an incentive to make him find his own way among them, and discover the answer to his own intellectual needs. An hour's private reading a day is worth three hours of anyone else's time, no matter how skillfully applied to soothe the ear and provide an illusion of self-thinking. Of course authors of books sometimes merely soothe and delude. But it is easier to change your book than a lecturer or an institution.

H. S. C.

To a Mocking Bird

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SWEET bird, the only plagiarist I love,
Because, too brave to let your spirit sink,
You do not imitate the mourning dove,
That sorry crooner, but the bobolink,—
Why can't you teach all birds of your profession
To steal, for steal they must, with like discretion?

No doubt the little fowls of golden throats
From whom you borrow, chirp, "At least he's shown,
This charlatan, by echoing our notes,
That he prefers our music to his own."
While you can make the plausible apology
That you are just compiling an anthology.

And so you whistle like the hidden quail
Or like the thrush above the woodland spring,
Or carol like the whitethroat on the rail,
When you'd excel them all if you would sing
A lay completely of your own creation!
But no, you'd rather be an imitation.

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Letters to the Editor: *Mr. Calkins Asks, "What Is a Book?"*

"It's our handy manual for successful businessmen. You can pay for it in installments."

100 Best Books

SIR:—I have just received from the American Library Association a copy of the list of 100 books chosen by prominent Americans, books every American should read, compiled by Dr. Nathan G. Goodman, arranged in the order of their popularity, beginning with Shakespeare and ending with Sheldon Cheney! Such a list is always a challenge. One could find fault with the selections, or the omissions, or the order of arrangement. But the question that such a list always imposes to my mind is, What is a book?

Is Shakespeare a book? Then why is not Hugo or Thackeray? Why do not the compilers decide at the outset whether a book means a single integrated work or a single physical volume, instead of straddling both definitions? Apparently a book may mean a single work no matter how many volumes, or an author's complete works whether in one volume or many. Therefore some writers are represented by a liberal portion of their whole output, and others by one book out of thirty or forty. Such a list seems meaningless and inconsistent.

For instance, this list before me begins with

Shakespeare—"Plays"

Immediately beneath it is

Mark Twain—"Huckleberry Finn,"
or "Tom Sawyer"

If "Shakespeare—'Plays,' " why not "Mark Twain—'Works' "? It may be argued that you can get Shakespeare in one volume, but you can also get him in 36 volumes, and a decent reading edition should be at least nine volumes. And what with the popularity of omnibuses, Mark Twain may yet be had in one volume. Composing the list as above, it means that the least of Shakespeare is worth more than anything of Twain, or any other writer on the list that follows. So adopting one definition of a book as being a single integrated work, the first 36 books of the hundred are plays by William Shakespeare. But his plays are no more of equal merit than the works of Twain. Isn't the spirit of such a list as this aimed at some acquaintance with what is supposably the best in literature? Wouldn't it be more consistent if the compiler took the time and trouble to decide what he meant by a book, and then decided whether he was listing desirable writers, or selecting the preferred work of each of a hundred writers?

Burton's "Arabian Nights," though a single work, is in twelve volumes, while in editions sufficiently agreeable to the eye to make comfortable reading and holding, Montaigne is in four volumes, Boswell's "Johnson" in ten, and Shakespeare at least nine, taking as typical the editions in my own library bought solely for the purpose of reading, usually in bed, when a five pound book is a weariness to the flesh. On such a basis, the hundred books become 204 volumes, and in any case considerably more than a hundred.

There is another matter that bothers me which I might as well bring up while I am in a fault-finding mood. What does a publisher mean by a "printing"? Every so often we are told with all the air of imparting precious information, that a certain book has gone to a second, or even a third printing before publication. As no reader knows what a printing is, nor even any publisher, what is the significance of the tidings? Why, simply that the publisher guessed wrong the first time, or has gained courage, and is printing more, but how many more, and how many he printed the first time, is anyone's guess. A printing might be with equal correctness, 500, or 5000 copies, depending on the character of the book. So what is the sense of using the expression at all?

The word "edition" has a similar vagueness, though the word is useful in merely alluding to a definite separate production, "the total number of copies issued at once," the dictionary says. It has no other value. The publishing trade seems to cling to secrecy, just as once the magazines refused to reveal their circulation figures to advertisers. We broke them of that. Now why cannot the publishers standardize the word "printing" to indicate a definite known amount, for whatever it may be worth?

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

New York City.

George Sterling

SIR:—I have in preparation a life of George Sterling, and I would deeply appreciate any assistance your readers might furnish in the way of letters, anecdotes and counsel.

This is a first book about Sterling, and when we consider his worth, it is astonishing how he has become forgotten in print, if not in mind. I want to make this book a tribute that will determine Sterling's final worth.

I will take the greatest care of any material placed in my hands and will acknowledge source and assistance.

JACKSON BARBER.

1353 Geary St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gorky in the U. S.

SIR:—The Gorky Institute of Literature, Moscow, which is gathering biographical data on the late Maxim Gorky, has requested me to appeal to American readers for documents, letters, or other material relating to Gorky's visit to the United States in 1906. I shall be grateful if this suggestion is passed on in your columns. Any material sent to me will be forwarded to the Institute.

C. OUMANSKY, *Counselor*
Embassy of U.S.S.R.
Washington, D. C.

"And Sudden Death"

SIR:—Though it hurt me in my heart's deep core when Harry Morgan was killed [in "To Have and Have Not"] I am still all for the killers. Just think what a boon if a good big gorilla had carried off the comic strip children in "The Prodigal Parents." For my part another might have taken the marcelled wife and the pseudo-Babbitt Cornplow too. In fact I would have paid for an Uniatz drink for them—and if you are too literate and superior to know what that is, and never read a Carter Dickson mystery, I will explain that Mr. Uniatz took any bottle at hand and putting the mouth to his own never removed either until the bottle was empty.

DOROTHEA MOORE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

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The Ugly Duckling*

BY PAUL ROSENFELD

Drawing by Vogel

"He was quite as much an object of ridicule as of admiration. . . ."

THE first volume of Hans Christian Andersen's myths or fairy tales appeared a little over a hundred years ago. Like Cervantes in respect to his masterpiece, their author either thought little of them or affected to do so. His novels, plays, and travel books, he insisted, were far more significant than the tales. The volume and its successors, however, brought Andersen fame not only in Denmark but in the rest of Europe. Translation after translation of the tales appeared in country upon country; and for their sake at home and on his travels he was the welcome guest at great houses, manors, and castles. To his friends in Copenhagen he retailed at length the distinctions showered upon him by excellencies, lordships, and royal highnesses; for he was inordinately vain and insatiably covetous of honor and consideration at home. The cause was double.

His life was loveless. The only son of a poor, half-insane cobbler who died young and of a mother who later became an alcoholic, Andersen appears to have been something of an oddity from childhood; and all his days remained a sort of elderly uncle and poor relation at the table of Eros. On two occasions he became interested in young girls and proposed to them. But the girls had long been enamoured of other men, and the proposals occurred a few days before their betrothals to them were to be announced. It was as a compensation for this life-long deprivation that poor Andersen demanded constant honor and distinction. The other cause of the avidity was the circumstance that in Denmark he was quite as much an object of ridicule as of admiration. To a degree, the mockery was the consequence of his personal appearance. The Ugly Duckling itself; a tall, thin, long-legged, small-headed, homely, and gangly creature, he spent long hours with the tailor, the haberdasher, and the hairdresser, and made his public appearances wonderfully bedight and curled and scented. To an even greater extent, the ridicule was the result of his insatiable and ill-concealed desire for the applause and homage which compensated him for his lovelessness. And the two fed each other in a vicious circle: the loneliness which awakened the desire for honors and consideration and excited ridicule, and the ridicule which excited the feeling of loneliness which woke the childish craving. Thus, until his death in 1875—we have Georg Brandes's word for it—Hans Christian Andersen remained the Ugly Duckling in the barnyard that was Copenhagen and among the tom-cats and hens in the hut of the Old Woman who was Denmark.

The clever and commonplace crowd for its part was stupid. Andersen's vanities and grotesquenesses were real enough and startling by reason of their connection with unusual abilities. But if the Copenhagen intellectuals guffawed at them and found his faults of orthography and other revelations of ignorance and childlikeness vastly comic, it was for the reason that they only dimly perceived their sources and also were without a sense of the man's veritable greatness. True, they delighted in his tales and recognized their art and triumphed in his international celebrity, the largest a Danish author ever has possessed. But nineteenth century Danish society, like all West-European society of the era, was rationalistic and materialistic, and hence could not fully appreciate the significance of Andersen's stories. For he was that superrational thing, a "swan," an individual myth-maker who with primordial symbols like those of the mythical stories freshly revealed the mysterious powers of the human psyche. And his stories rivalled those which, elaborated by entire peoples, have come to us down the ages.

Fairy tales such as those which underpin a few of Andersen's and were rivalled by his original tales of crowned birds, dreaming fir-trees, and constant nightingales, are but the detritus of the great nature myths. That, at least, is the opinion of so eminent an authority as Max Müller. Like the blocks from which they have become detached in the course of centuries, they symbolize, with representations of the actions of living beings, particularly human beings, or imaginary extra-human creatures—eloquent animals and things behaving like men—the operations of natural forces and the psyche's nameless powers. And only twice in modern times have individuals, from out their own imaginations, produced nature myths with the magic and the vitality of those which have come to us down the ages, and thus in single lifetimes paralleled the long careers of races. One of these individuals was, as we have said, the grotesque daddy-long-legs. The poetry, wit, and exquisite freshness of the detail in his fairy stories make half of those in the collections of the brothers Grimm seem wooden. The other historical myth-maker was Shakespeare. His infinitely glamorous nature myth is "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

In what manner Andersen's deepest wisdom, his personal experience of the profound powers of the psyche, their life, struggles, and goals of release and perfection, and also his acute social criticism, transformed itself into original and humorous mythological symbols couched in the language of the people, we do not know: any more than we know how Shakespeare came to compose his fairy comedy. We do not, for instance, know whether Andersen found his images in dreams or in waking fantasies. We merely surmise his stories were not allegories; or even fables—though they have their

*IT'S PERFECTLY TRUE and OTHER STORIES. By Hans Christian Andersen. A new translation by Paul Leyssac. With illustrations by Richard Bennett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.50.

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archly didactic side. They possess all the earmarks of direct poetic experience: the inimitable force and freshness of ideas not mentally worked up and not quite susceptible of rational analysis. Quantities of the details too have this unfathomable poetic quality: for example, the famous picture of the stork "tiptoeing on his red legs, jabbering Egyptian, a language his mother had taught him." This alone is certain, that by an infallible instinct their author took these gay and melancholy, brilliant and deeply moving little tales directly to one of their predestined audiences. Long before he wrote them down, Andersen recounted them to children—his friends' and acquaintances' —with appropriate gestures and grimaces which enchanted his hearers and later became the rhetoric of his narratives. The child, of course, is much closer to the pan-psychic, marvelous world of sentient darning-needles and tops and of reasoning field mice than is the rationalistic adult. And the stories, as has been said, contain all that satisfies the child. They convey the feeling of life, the sense of the familiar, and portray human relations, in especial those of adults and children. They are filled with surprises, with sense-impressions, with beauty, wonder, mystery, magic, adventure, action, success, humor, and poetic justice. They are rhythmic and repetitive, and sincerely emotive despite their occasional sentimentalities, and full of appeal to the imagination. Besides, children have this in common with the embodiments of the human psyche which figure in these immortal tales under the names Thumbelina and the little mermaid, the soldier and the sister of the swan-fraternity: the determination of growth and the persuasion that "ripeness is all."

And Andersen had intense sympathy for these little manikins; he gracefully adjusted his tales to their understandings, and represented the natural world from their angle of vision. "To the water's edge," he says in a characteristic passage, "the bank was covered with great wild rhubarb leaves so high that little children could stand upright under the biggest of them." No wonder no author has ever had a greater audience of children. None ever has placed better material within their grasp. But while he addressed children, he very subtly and poetically expressed mature experience. The humbug of society, the self-interest which controls judgment, the cowardice and fear of acting otherwise than the world which keeps men from speaking the truth—wherever has it more lightly and deftly been expressed than in "The Emperor's New Clothes"? The deadliness of rationalism and mechanistic science, the life-bestowal of all which holds us in bondage to nature—where more succinctly than in "The Nightingale"? The fact that what happens in life doesn't matter quite so much as the way in which we accept what happens—where has it been put less pedantically than in "The Steadfast Tin Soldier"? Or the truths that grandeur alone recognizes grandeur, and that ugly ducklings become swans only through struggle with the world and by doing something for themselves,—where have they been put more penetratingly than in the most enchanting of all his enchanting tales?

Indeed, as we thumb the pages of the collection of Paul Leyssac's sensitive new translation of some of the more familiar and some of the less familiar of them, we cannot help wondering whether any story-teller other than Andersen ever has represented equally significant material in compasses as diminutive as theirs. We cannot help finding even their interpretations of human nature more acceptable than those in most naturalistic novels. Andersen archly comprehends its inexplicable incoherency, as where, in "Big Claus and Little Claus," he lets the bully who has the small man in a bag and is about to kill him, think, as he passes a church and hears singing within it, that "it might be a good thing to go in and hear a little hymn before going any further." Above all, through his myths we again feel the struggles, deaths, and births of the basic forces of the human soul: their self-expenditure in fruitless yearning, their travail to free themselves from the webs of circumstance; their ability to endure endless winter and to transform and spiritualize themselves and reawaken from subterranean slumbers and fly and sing. And to do so is to grasp anew the mystery, wonder, and meaning of life.

Globe-Trotting Poet

THE WORLD AT MY SHOULDER. By Eunice Tietjens. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by PHILIP HORTON

BORN in Chicago in 1884, carried off to Europe at fourteen, married in Paris at nineteen, on the staff of *Poetry* from its early days, war correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, subsequently active in literary and theatrical circles of New York and Chicago—poet, playwright, mother, journalist, and globe-trotter — Miss Tietjens has had a rich variety of experience to record in her volume of memoirs. She has set all this down in a lively, informal style, with modesty and humor, and what is more rare, with an unfailing sense of proportion. Knowing that a writer's childhood is seldom anything but boring to the reader, she neatly telescopes what she considers her preparatory years and with the second chapter launches into her real story, beginning with her association with Harriet Monroe and *Poetry*. But the literary scene is only one set in Miss Tietjens's cyclorama. Deeply influenced by Eastern thought (Edgar Lee Masters introduced her as a young woman to the Bhagavad-gita) as well as by brief contacts with scientists, she came to see poetry as of comparatively little importance in the scheme of things. Consequently her book deals mostly with people and places and things.

Orville Peets

Eunice Tietjens as a war correspondent—Paris, 1918

As for the people, the most interesting, paradoxically perhaps, are the poets and writers, particularly the group centering around Chicago and *Poetry*. Miss Tietjens's sketches of Harriet Monroe bring her to life for me as no others have done (including Miss Monroe's own book). There is the sizzling encounter between H. M. and the drunken tramp who tried to bully her into buying his poems; and the delightful story of Vachel Lindsay, Miss Monroe, and the author giving an impromptu rendition of one of Lindsay's poems, the two women representing King Solomon's four hundred wives and dutifully chanting "We are the wives" while Lindsay led them through the mazes of an improvised dance. There is also the inside story of Lindsay's pathetic and unsuccessful courtship of Sara Teasdale; and a humorous portrait of Margaret Anderson and the beginnings of *The Little Review*. From the war years Miss Tietjens describes an incident which for stark realism equals some of the recent photographs from Spain. Then there are the places: especially the accounts of living in the hinterlands of China, Tunisia, and the South Seas, full of photographic detail and color and native life.

Out of all this, despite Miss Tietjens's modesty, emerges not only a warm personality, remarkable for its range of interests, but also an attitude towards life that is vigorous and refreshing. Her book will serve as a valuable supplement to Harriet Monroe's report of the poetry renaissance. Aside from that it is excellent entertainment.

Philip Horton is the author of a recent life of Hart Crane.

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Louis Adamic (above) will follow up "The Native's Return" with a new book, "My America: 1928-1938," coming later this month. . . . (Below center) Walter Schoenstedt, German exile and author of "In Praise of Life," looks over the New York skyline before departing on a country-wide lecture tour. . . . (Below, right) Franklin H. Hooper, retiring as editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" after forty years, receives a boutonniere at a dinner in his honor; his successor, Walter Yust, helps unwrap it.

W. L. White (above), author of "What People Said," on one floor of his triplex apartment in New York, telephones his father, William Allen White. White *fils* has left the staff of *Fortune,* is now writing stories.

Heywood Broun (above), at the Algonquin Hotel, auctions first editions for the Book and Magazine Guild; at his right are Frederic Melcher, Mr. Broun in reflection, and Guild committeeman Abe Lerner. (Below) Pearl Buck speaks on best sellers, pro and con, at a Book and Author Luncheon; Eugene Lyons, at her left, awaits his turn.

(Inset, left) Myron Brinig, whose new novel, "May Flavin," is coming in June. . . . (Below) Ben Lucien Burman, who writes of the Mississippi in his "Blow for a Landing," now lives in Greenwich Village. (*News pictures by Robert Disraeli*)

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. at this season finds himself allergic to print. His idea of happiness—very likely shared by readers—would be never to write anything again for timely publication; but to spend the subsequence of his life in mowing grass and compiling a vast journal of candor for posthumous issue. ☞It is not considered seemly for anyone still living to admit the full surprise and loveliness of existence. ☞A dogwood tree by moonlight, honorably described, would shock our subscribers. ☞Old Q. himself is almost as shiny as a dogwood tree from constant ablution in one of Mr. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion bathettes, the most modern, compact and exhilarating form of plumbing, now installed in the Fantods. We had the pleasure of accompanying Mr. Fuller to Camden, N. J., where he received the first batch of galleys of his forthcoming *Nine Chains to the Moon*, a book of Adventures in Thinking, or the Growing Pains of human progress. ☞Thence along the White Horse Pike, wondering what old Walt, who knew that road well, would have thought of the signs along the way, *Three Killed Daily*.

☞In Atlantic City Old Q. had the exciting adventure of attending a congress of Gastro-Enterologists where he was the only representative of the Customer among 150 specialists of the abdomen. ☞He was amused to see that the G-E's, when in convention, by no means observe in their diet the advice they give patients. ☞There were many medical societies meeting at Atlantic City, and we were delighted to see a surgeon at the Hotel Traymore carrying a Modern Library *Francis Thompson's Poems*. ☞At Frank's Hamburger-and-Bookstall (opposite the Heinz Pier) we found several good 15-centers: for instance *Gascoyne the Sandalwood Trader* (by R. M. Ballantyne) in a nice old Porter and Coates edition; also a volume of H. C. Bunner's tales. ☞The name of an Atlantic City firm, Jeffries & Keates, seemed to suggest literary association; particularly as it's an undertaking establishment. ☞In the lobby of Haddon Hall, where still another doctors' congress was going, we met Joe Lippincott, representing the medical branch of his business. ☞Our general notion that alcohol (in reason) is beneficent was well fortified by observing the routine of important doctors from all over the country. ☞They particularly seemed to approve Brighton Punch, a specialty of the old Hotel Brighton; and surgeons of connoisseuring taste were asking Mr. Moscotti, maître d'hotel of the Traymore, for his notable *shish kebab*.

☞The new moon looked so beautiful behind sunset-tinted smoke puffs from the summit of the Claridge that we persuaded Miss Ada Taylor, publicity editor of that hotel, to let us visit the very summit. This we learned, is the tallest building in the world built so close to the ocean. ☞Mr. Dymaxion Fuller is the ideal companion for touring, he is temperamentally a Son of Martha and takes all the responsibility for mechanical details. Crossing the 59th Street Bridge we were towing a truckload of Dymaxion bathrooms and consequently rode on the heavy-duty side of the road, for which Mr. Fuller coined the admirable phrase "the Sons of Martha lane." ☞Along Horace Harding Boulevard, near the World's Fair, we admired a great meadow of bulrushes. Here, we assumed, was where Bob Moses was found by World's Pharaoh Grover Whalen. ☞While Old Q. was in Atlantic City the news of the Pulitzer Prizes was announced. Though not much on prognosis, he had rather expected Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage* to be chosen in the novel class. Mr. Roberts' tartly amusing piece (in *For Authors Only* three years ago) about the administration of the Pulitzer bequest, may be recalled by some. ☞Incidentally, our report last week that *The Late George Apley* had been serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post* was an overstatement. The *S. E. P.* used only some 45,000 words, mostly from the latter half of the book. ☞In serializing part of *Northwest Passage*, the *Post* editors preferred the first half.

☞Q. has received an announcement from Random House that they will publish Dorothy Thompson's first book in several years, on the problem of the world's refugees. The MS will be ready in four weeks, and Hamilton Fish Armstrong will write the introduction. ☞And we see by the papers that Stackpole announces *Dorothy Thompson's Political Guide* for publication in August—"her first book in six years." ☞Miss Thompson has also written the introduction for Kurt Schuschnigg's *My Austria* (Knopf), coming next week. Knopf reports that up to March 15, when withdrawn, Schuschnigg's book sold 40,000 copies in Austria —and 5,000 in Germany, where it was allowed to be sold since *Mein Kampf* was on sale in Austria, and where it received no press mention except a short item in a Leipzig paper.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW has received advance information that Anne Morrow Lindbergh's new book, "Listen! the Wind," will be published this fall, some time before Christmas. Similar in style to "North to the Orient," the new book tells the story of the southern section of the Lindberghs' flight around the Atlantic in the summer of 1933.

When "North to the Orient" was announced three years ago, it was front-page news before publication; but the quality of its writing and the enthusiastic critical attention which it received quickly made it even more important as a literary event. Interest in "Listen! the Wind" will be heightened because it comes as the second book of an established author.

Two years after their flight to China, which Mrs. Lindbergh described in "North to the Orient," she and Colonel Lindbergh flew around the Atlantic, by way of Greenland, Iceland, Europe, Africa, South America, and the West Indies. The title, "Listen! the Wind," is taken from the second stanza of Humbert Wolfe's poem, "Autumn Resignation":

Listen! the wind is rising,
and the air is wild with leaves,
we have had our summer evenings:
now for October eves!

This poem, which appeared in Mr. Wolfe's book, "Humoresque" (Henry Holt & Co.) is quoted in part by Mrs. Lindbergh in the chapter where she describes how she and her husband waited at Dakar for a breeze that would enable the heavily loaded plane to take off from the water, on the long flight across the Atlantic to Natal, Brazil.

The first draft of the manuscript has been finished, and Mrs. Lindbergh, who returned to Europe in March after her recent visit to this country, is now at her home in England working on the final draft, which her publishers, Harcourt, Brace & Co., expect to receive before the first of August. The jacket and endpapers of the book will contain reproductions of maps drawn by Colonel Lindbergh, and there will possibly be three other maps by him in the text. There will be no other illustrations. "Listen! the Wind," slightly longer than "North to the Orient," will be a companion volume in manner and style, and will also be similar in format. Mrs. Lindbergh wrote a short account of the 1933 flight in the *National Geographic Magazine* for September, 1934. "Listen! the Wind" utilizes a few paragraphs of essential information from this article; otherwise it will contain no material previously published. As in the case of "North to the Orient," the new book will not be serialized in any magazine or newspaper, nor will it be submitted to any book club for possible selection. The price will be $2.50.

The American sale of "North to the Orient," from its publication in August, 1935, to May 1, 1938, totals 277,094 copies. It has appeared in England, and in translation in Denmark, Norway, Holland, France, Germany, Japan, Sweden, and Finland; an Italian edition is shortly to be issued.

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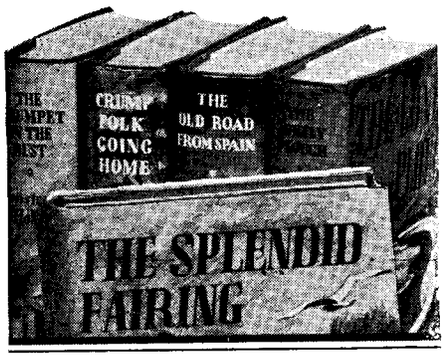

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NOT A BAD IDEA—

We have been impressed of late by the number of new subscribers who tell us they first heard of *The Saturday Review* through an enthusiastic friend. Not a bad idea. Why not show your friends a copy of the SRL and see if anything happens?

New England via W. P. A.

(*Continued from page 4*)

fers: have you tasted Amerind Liqueur or Green Mountain Liquor? Or have you ever tried, without a *coureur du bois* to help you, to find potable liquor in Maine?)

But even the admirable local tours are less important than the page-by-page cross-country itineraries. The guides will be used mainly by people who are on their way from Brattleboro to Burlington or from Hartford to Litchfield, and by people who are spending a short vacation in New England and want to see as much of interest as they can. Such a person will use the second half of the book, the through tours, much more than any other part. He will find what he wants. They were the hardest job and they are the best done. And they make the books absorbing reading quite apart from their proper use.

It is a rich, various, and rewarding spectacle that the tours compose, a heartening reminder of how complex the current scene is and on what a variegated and fascinating base it rests. I thrust a finger into "Massachusetts" and turn up page 433, part way along Tour 1C, "From Beverly to Uxbridge." In the second paragraph I encounter one of the ten thousand Devil's Dens in America—but this one is different from the others, in that it contains Captain Kidd's treasure (but see its five appearances in "Maine," though the most romantic one is not mentioned there—or is that one now protected by the libel laws?) and is guarded by the ghost of a murdered Negro. On the next page is one of the innumerable extinct watering places that soothed our mid-nineteenth century dyspepsia, and the following page brings us a Praying Indian town and Crispus Attucks. The next page introduces a beautiful sinner, Agnes Surriage, who rose from scrubbing tavern floors to be a rich Tory's mistress, then his wife, later his widow, and at last a titled noblewoman. The next page records the birth of Daniel Shays, the route of Boston's Marathon race, and a mysterious epidemic long ago. The next page brings us to Hopedale, Aden Ballou's wistful and fantastic Fraternal Community, and on the following page the tour ends with a house where, to the eternal mortification of the heirs, General Washington did not sleep, with an allusion to the Treaty of Ghent, and with an Indian massacre.

That is a fair sample, an ordinary, unimportant tour. (It leaps over the town of Concord, which is treated separately.) Ordinary and unimportant—but how delightful for the historically-minded or reflective tourist, or for the tourist who is a connoisseur of contemporary archeology and likes to encounter vestiges of yesterday's pattern underlying today's.

A fascinating country, a fascinating people. Here, at North Edgecomb, Maine, is Captain Joseph Decker, who sailed to France to deliver Marie Antoinette from her persecutors, and who did bring back some of her clothes. In legend he brought her back, and the Dauphin and Talleyrand, too, and also he imported the original begetter of all the coon cats in Maine. (But why does the guide not mention the bend sinister proudly borne by a good many Maine families who think their name ought to be Talleyrand?) Here, at Kingston, Rhode Island, is Weaver Rose, the barefooted, snuff-taking eccentric who, dying as recently as 1913, brought back hand-weaving to New England. Here, at Haddam Neck, Connecticut, is Venture Smith, a son of the King of Guinea, who cut 400 cords of wood in one week and had to go sideward through any door—and four miles farther on the Haddam witches battle one another by the light of a giant carbuncle while Machimoodus watches them from his sapphire throne. Here, in Glover, Vermont, is Runaway Pond, which in six hours disappeared from this earth and left a brook flowing northward which had previously flowed south. Here are visionaries, seers, prophets; buttonmakers, argonauts, inventors of electric motors and telescopes and religions; photographers of snow crystals, murderers, Presidents, filibusterers, counterfeiters, scientists, heroes, poets, giants, dwarfs, and changelings. Here are hundreds of curious customs and traditions, hundreds of people worth remembering, thousands of places worth seeing.

The legends, the local industries, the remembered men and women, the individual pattern of country life—the guides are at their best when they give us those. They could have been made even better by making room for more, by omitting the immaterial opinion of the opening sections. How did a Crusader's token-coin get buried six feet deep in the sands of the St. Johnsbury River? How much homeopathic magic can be detected in the customary processes of making maple sugar? Can New England be divided, within the states, into *pays* which have an identity of their own? What subtler boundaries do you cross when you cross the Connecticut River, the Green Mountains, the Sandwich Hills? I would willingly trade nine-tenths of the prefatory matter for a discussion of such questions, supported by evidence gathered by the roadside.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 215)

BRYCE—"AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH" (1888)

The web of history woven day by day all over Europe is vast and of many colours. It is fateful to every European. But in America it is only the philosopher who can feel that it will ultimately be fateful to Americans also.

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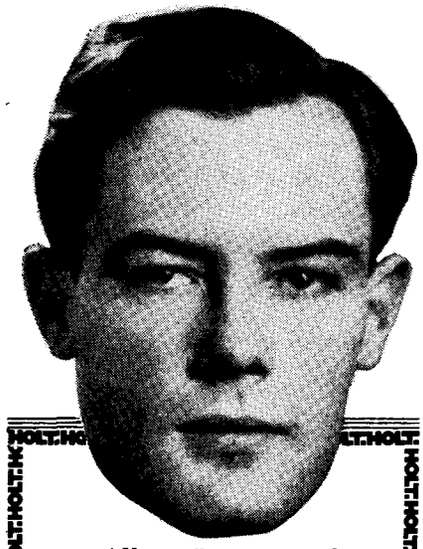

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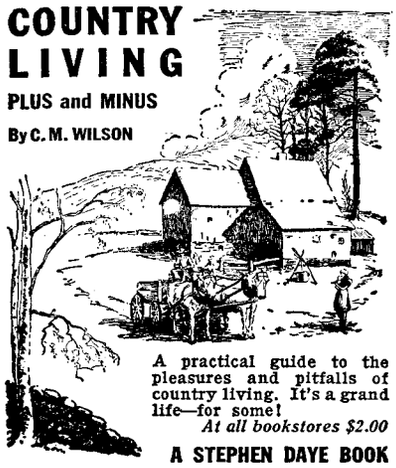

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THE READER PRESS, 49 W. 45th St., N. Y.

Scenes of Old Russia

BEFORE THE STORM. By Baroness Sophie Buxhoeveden. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $4.50.

Reviewed by IRINA SKARIATINA

THIS true, personal story of pre-Revolutionary life in Old Russia is simply and charmingly told. In a vivid and colorful manner Baroness Buxhoeveden describes her earliest recollections, her childhood and girlhood, and finally her experiences as maid of honor and lady-in-waiting at the Court of the Empress Alexandria.

The brief preface contains a curious little episode which took place in 1861 and in its very small way uncannily foretold the events that were to happen on such a vast and tragic scale fifty-six years later. The author's mother, then a mere baby of three, had managed to annoy a footman. "The accumulation of years of suppressed iritation . . . suddenly flared up," and he shouted angrily: "Small as you are—you already order me about! We are free men now and there is an end to this. Our day will come and then it will not be long before we sweep you all out of our country bag and baggage."

This strangely prophetic anecdote is followed by delightful chapters entitled "A Petersburg Nursery," "A Provincial Household," and many others—all full of vigorous life and action. In little Sophie's nursery days we find the inevitable English Nannie in full charge, the usual handsome Russian wet nurse wearing her national costume, the typical toys like Kolka, the stuffed doll, the customary walks up and down the famous Quays and Summer Gardens, and the drives through the fashionable thoroughfares. All the children of St. Petersburg society had more or less the same background and upbringing both in town and country and all were cast in the same mold. But few have been able to describe those inimitable scenes of Old Russia as well as Baroness Buxhoeveden has done.

There is plenty of humor in the amusing chapter entitled "Grandfather's Name-day" when the cook got dead drunk just before dishing up a banquet. And there is plenty of tragedy too in the lines that speak of the great famine of 1892.

> I dimly remember hearing dreadful tales of people swelling from hunger, of small children eating acorns, of families wandering into the towns to beg for bread in the streets. . . . Grandfather opened his granaries to the peasants and distributed all his reserves.

The second part of the book depicts numerous scenes of life in St. Petersburg: the author's high school days, her debut, balls, presentations at court, and, last but not least, many intimate sketches of the imperial family. As lady-in-waiting she knew them well and loved them devotedly. "My Empress, My Princesses," she calls them. And it was her unfailing selfless devotion that later on made her a witness of the agony of Czardom. Her narrative suddenly stops at the outbreak of the World War and one sincerely hopes that some day Baroness Buxhoeveden will take up the thread of her story and carry it through the years of war and Revolution.

Irina Skariatina is the author of "First to Go Back" and "A World Can End."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLACK CHRONICLE *William Edward Hayes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Backslidden small-town preacher and illicit sweetie slain. Sad-faced Arthur Halstead and perky assistant handle tricky case.	Revealing record of machinations of devil in small town, with wry humor, bitter-sweet romance, and satisfactory sleuthing.	Good
THE CORPSE WITH THE BLUE CRAVAT *R. A. J. Walling* (Morrow: $2.)	Shooting of archeologist on Dartmoor brings Mr. Tolefree, several days later, to scene of crime and start of intricate case.	Thin fare for thrill seekers but excellent for background, unusually good characters, and meticulous clue-chasing of bland Mr. T.	Impeccable
THE CASE OF MR. BUDD *Gerald Verner* (Macaulay: $2.)	Two long and several short stories of stout Scotland Yarder who is always Johnny-on-spot.	Observant and omniscient Mr. Budd solves numerous murders and clears up various robberies in ponderously melodramatic style.	Innocuous
THE TRIAL OF RUTH SNYDER AND JUDD GRAY *John Kobler* (Doubleday, Doran: $3.50.) (Non-fiction)	Complete account of notorious 1927 *crime passionel* with history, testimony, indictment, and all necessary details.	Mr. Kobler's study of unsavory case is excellent — also restrained; and volume contains much new data.	For students

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"*Like Water Flowing* is a most provocative novel, The Chinese background, the incidental characters, the conflicting philosophies, the rhythm of Miss Mackay's prose combine to make it a worthy offering from the publishers of Pearl Buck and of Lin Yutang."

The New Yorker:

"What it means, in China, to have a Chinese mother and an American father. Miss Mackay's heroine is sensitive and intelligent as well as pretty, yet she can never quite live down the fact that she is Eurasian. Delicately told, and we have Mrs. Buck's word for it that the author knows and comprehends her China."

CARL CROW in *The Saturday Review of Literature:*

"Miss Mackay has told the tragic story of the Eurasian with sympathy and understanding. She has done more than that, for she has, with a genius for vivid phrases, painted an interesting and accurate picture of Peking. Anyone who has ever lived there will recognize at once the genuineness of the characters who move with unhurried steps through the interesting story."

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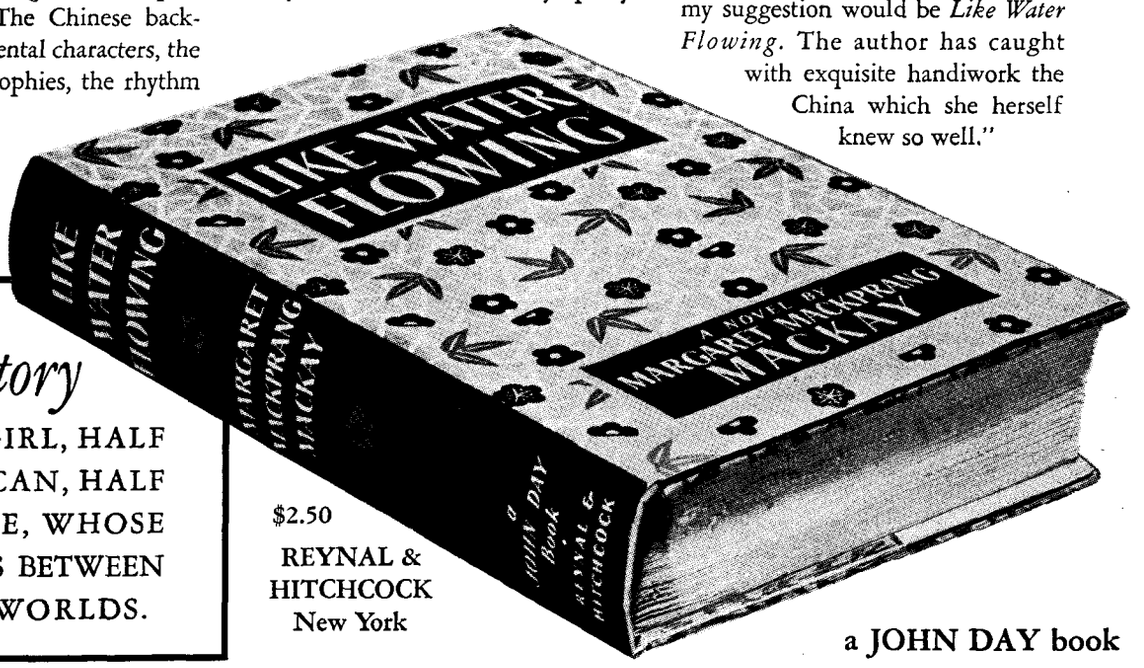
"She gives us a picture of modern life in China that ranks with the best we have seen . . . one of the really important books of the year."

MAX MILLER in *San Diego Union:*

"If you want a lot of book, and all of it written with a sturdy fineness, my suggestion would be *Like Water Flowing*. The author has caught with exquisite handiwork the China which she herself knew so well."



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A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

A Great Composer of the Renaissance

PALESTRINA. By Henry Coates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by PAUL H. LANG

A NEW essay on Raphael or Tintoretto, a new monograph on Montaigne or Marlowe is always welcomed by students of arts and letters, accustomed to consider painting and literature of the sixteenth century as one of the great periods of Western civilization. If such an essay is of exceptional merit, it elicits due attention but no one would hail it as a literary event of extraordinary rarity. Yet in the musical field a book on one of the greatest musicians of this same period is so unusual an event that it must be greeted by thoughtful people with hosannas. This in spite of the fact that music was one of the arts universally popular and widely practised during the Renaissance, and musicians were revered and honored by kings, popes, and *condottieri* as much as if not more than painters, poets, and architects.

No dissertation could throw a more piercing light on our misguided musical life than the first sentence on the inside flap of the jacket of Mr. Coates's "Palestrina": "That Palestrina has his place in a series devoted to master musicians will not be questioned by any one who takes a *large* view of music . . ." (Italics ours.) Thus the placing of one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time in a series reserved for master musicians calls for an apology, reinforced, in the preface, by testimonials by a number of well known composers of recent times, to dispel any doubt as to the validity of this literary venture. And how timidly the valiant author proceeds, how naively he alludes to what he considers equivalents in modern times, lest we take the divine serenity of this music for mere primitiveness. And yet the epithet "valiant" was not inserted here in a derogatory sense. It still takes courage to delve into the mythical "pre-Bach period."

Mr. Coates's "Palestrina" is not a work of erudition and learning, in spite of the claims advanced on the jacket. The author did not "deal with the subject with reference to the latest research" conducted in this field, otherwise he could not have missed Otto Ursprung's important works; nor did he explore the important ramifications of the Tridentine reforms. He has likewise failed to place Palestrina in his proper environment as perhaps *primus inter pares* but most certainly not *the* composer of the sixteenth century. We still see in Palestrina the romantically colored distant being, surrounded with awe and mystery, a figure and character created by the nineteenth century revival based more on legends than on knowledge. But the present author recognizes already, still somewhat apologetically, that perhaps this music—unknown to most of us—far from being "chaste and impersonal," expresses human feelings and passions, that it reflects the strong and militant religious awakening of the Catholic Reform and that it represents an artistic creed, integrity, and devotion un-

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matched in the history of arts and letters. Thus with all its limitations Henry Coates's "Palestrina" contributes to musical literature in the English language a work which merits more than passing mention, as it may encourage others to enter the field and continue his laudable initiative.

Thinkers

ARCHITECTS OF IDEAS. By Ernest R. Trattner. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1938. $3.75.

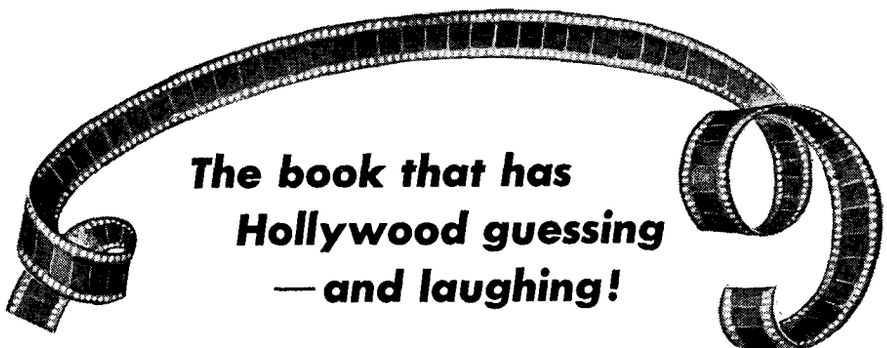
Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

SCIENTISTS may sigh and sophisticates may smirk but books like this, for some esoteric reason, continue to be written. Taking to heart the intelligence testers' discovery of the fourteen-year-old mental capacities of the man in the street—called here the "intelligent layman"—the author apparently tried to write a book for the edification of the ten-year-old. The result is an uninstructive, uninspiring, and uninteresting compilation at third-hand of the trials and tribulations of some of the greater theorists, with something, not much, of their work and something, still less, of themselves.

Mr. Trattner, who has previously published an "Autobiography of God" and other religious books, manages to give a chapter each to such architects of ideas as Copernicus, Hutton, Dalton, Lavoisier, Rumford, Huygens, Malthus, Schwann, Darwin, Marx, Pasteur, Freud, Chamberlin, Boas, and Einstein. Lesser builders, like Galileo, Descartes, Gregor Mendel, and Sir Isaac Newton, have to rest content with honorable mention in someone else's chapter. In addition to this strange farrago of everything scientific from the cosmos to sex and back again, an introduction, "About Theories," presents the relation of hypothesis to fact with a dead seriousness and an unborn philosophic insight. The author may be congratulated for including the work of Franz Boas, but he deals with only part of one book, "The Mind of Primitive Man," and the science of anthropology seems to mean only a debunking of race dogmas. Freud's ego, id, and superego are relegated without definition to a footnote. The theory of relativity "is deliriously confusing, for it is intellectual champagne with a terrific fizz and sparkle." It is terrific for Trattner, too, and the reader, bless his soul, learns almost as much about the curvature of space as he would from the science page of a Middletown newspaper — namely, that Einstein believes space is curved—and all without bothering his innocent head about the Michelson-Morley experiment or the Lorentz transformations, which are not mentioned.

The style, in which department a popularizer may especially be expected to excel, is incredibly naive: "Certainly man is more than a machine. Marx knew it—he was in love!" "Could it be that he [Freud] had been working along totally false grounds?" The idea of this book was all right, but the persons who could learn their elementary lessons in science from it would rather spend their time murdering bush league umpires.

Robert Bierstedt teaches philosophy at Columbia University.



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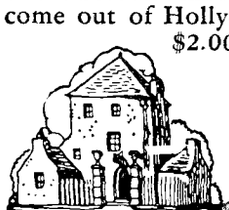

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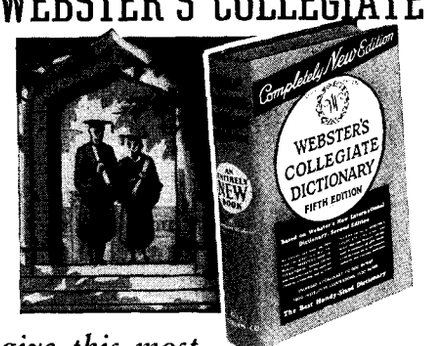

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The New Books

Fiction

RACHEL'S CHILDREN. By Harriet Hassell. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

Harriet Hassell has altered the details and the sexes in her tale of a parent's property and children's hunger for it, but her Rachel Ibsell is nevertheless a Queen Lear in Alabama, beset by sons instead of daughters. Her Jahn, the most precious of her warring brood, is for a little while the most hated as the most loved. And that little while suffices to make a dark tragedy involving them all.

There is fresh drama here and Miss Hassell has talent. But she is not quite ready for so deep a tragedy. She has learned to write—and sometimes excellently—words and sentences. But her characters and her drama are too steadily furious, and she has not learned that there is room for simplicity in style. The result is that her book from first to last is too much overwritten and overwrought. Her sympathies in her conflict are so fixed that her characters are puppets for good and evil. She is still captive to her adoration of words: "A thin, sleek rattle rustled in her throat." Surely that is a well-upholstered way of referring to the death rattle.

And yet, undoubtedly, Miss Hassell's talent deserves notice. Under her fumbling she has a sense of the dramatic; under her verbosity she knows how to put words together. But she would have been better served if she were not now pushed as a New Southern Novelist of Importance. Promise is the word which belongs to her book. It is there bright and shining. And pruning is the word that she must understand if that promise is to be fulfilled. One who loves all words so much will not fail in coming to understanding of this one.

J. D.

HIGH TENSION. By William Wister Haines. Little, Brown. 1938. $2.50.

There is an old pleasure recaptured in the reading of William Wister Haines's books, a kind of simple enchantment that has had its counterpart. You hunt back for the reference, and then you remember: Hopalong Cassidy, the Lazy Y outfit, cowpunchers riding the range, hands resting on their shooting irons, talking soft and quick, that whole, tense, romantic man's world. We want to put this down without the slightest suspicion of condescension, for there was a rich joy in that reading, and Haines has managed to recreate its atmosphere in modern terms. Today those lanky, laconic heroes live again as linesmen. They perch high on swaying poles instead of horses, twirl pliers instead of six-shooters, stalk high-tension wires instead of rustlers. But they're the same adventurers, the same specialists set apart from other mortals who merely ride on the trains they electrify. Haines knows every bit of the work they do, having done it himself, and he pours out their shop talk, the materials they handle, the names of tools and the processes of stringing wire across miles, as though it were sweet music, and makes us like it. Of course there's a plot, but that doesn't matter any more than it ever did in the Westerns. The story belongs to the linesmen and they give it all the entertainment it has; escapist, maybe, but high entertainment.

N. L. R.

History

TWILIGHT OF THE KINGS. By Jonathan F. Scott. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.75.

Chatty is perhaps too patronizing a word for this rapid survey of the fate of kings from James I of England to George II of Greece. Mr. Scott has a serious thesis to defend, that dictators are much worse for civilization than kings. We may even consider, he thinks, taking up the cause of kings in most of continental Europe, as a possible antidote to dictators. Europe, especially central, southern, and eastern Europe, has shown that it cannot live up to the bright hopes of republicanism issued from the American and French revolutions. It may under constitutional monarchs get back some of the civil rights and decencies it has lost in the last few decades.

This is very interesting, and may offer a hint that those in high places will take up. But one doubts it. The ills which have produced modern dictatorships go so much deeper than the machinery of government that Mr. Scott's remedy seems superficial indeed. He himself gives no suggestion as to how this restoration of decorous and suitable monarchs is to be achieved. If it comes, it will come only after profound economic and nationalistic antagonisms have been quieted or diverted. Until then, a restored Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, or Romanov would have to act more like a Hitler or a Stalin than like a Prince Albert.

But if we cannot take Mr. Scott's pre-

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scription for present social ills too seriously, we can still read his book for its narrative interest. He has a lot to say about the fallen monarchs of the last few centuries, as well as about the present rulers in England, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries. Much of what he says is interesting and sensible, and certainly has not been assembled in so readable a form within two covers. This is not a book of research, and makes no pretense of throwing light on dark corners. But it is never cheaply journalistic, and it has a good deal of originality. There is no ponderous genealogy in the style of the "Almanach de Gotha," and none of the innocent snobbery so often evident when an American writes about royalty. C. B.

Miscellaneous

COUNTRY LIVING—PLUS AND MINUS. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Stephen Daye Press. 1938. $2.

For the reader whose thoughts and desires turn toward a sanctuary in the country, Mr. Wilson's book is a helpful guide and a reminder of the pitfalls as well as the pleasures attendant upon the possession of a farm. Land calls to men and women of all kinds and habits, and it calls for a variety of reasons. Some of the topics which the author discusses are fitness for farm life; the actual purchase of a farm—such vital matters as title abstracts, mortgaged land, budgeting time and money; crops, large and small, edible and saleable; livestock, how much and why maintained; barter and trading; community life—getting on with the neighbors. There is a chapter by the Governors of two farming states, Wisconsin and Vermont, and finally an excellent summary as to why one man's farm is another man's fallacy. R. L.

THE GARDENER'S OMNIBUS. Edited by Edward I. Farrington. Hale, Cushman & Flint. 1938.

Anyone fortunate enough to be able to indulge in a garden, whether it be merely a collection of plants growing in a window or an elaborately landscaped stretch of acres, ought to find this book a boon. Done for the Massachusetts Horticultural Society under the editorship of its secretary, it draws for its material upon the accumulated contributions to the publications of that organization, and assembles within its over eight hundred pages of text an enormous mass of practical information on every phase of gardening. Its articles are supplied by a great number of persons recounting their personal experiences and presenting precise instructions as to methods of planting, tending, and preserving trees, shrubs, plants, vegetables, and fruits. These are prefaced by general discussions of gardens from the esthetic point of view. A long section on the window garden contains matter of highest value for the city dweller, and there are chapters on how to keep birds in the garden, on cut flowers, flower shows, garden tools, labels, etc. Few books more completely justify the term "omnibus" than this one does. It is one that every garden lover will covet. A. L.

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■	1-R	2-B	3-Q	■	4-J	5-M	6-X	7-P	■	8-H	9-P	10-T	11-N	12-U	13-F	■	14-B
15-A	16-J	■	17-P	18-G	19-O	20-R	21-E	22-T	23-Y	■	24-W	25-S	26-G	■	27-U	28-K	29-W
30-E	31-C	■	32-I	33-A	34-M	35-D	■	36-J	37-G	38-U	■	39-B	40-F	41-U	42-T	43-Y	44-H
45-O	46-S	■	47-C	48-I	49-A	■	50-V	51-R	52-G	53-K	54-O	55-X	56-Y	■	57-C	58-A	59-B
■	60-V	61-K	62-R	63-N	64-P	65-M	66-D	67-J	68-G	■	69-V	70-X	71-H	72-M	73-P	■	74-F
75-V	76-G	77-R	78-C	■	79-I	80-A	81-N	■	82-M	83-S	84-T	85-H	86-N	87-E	88-Y	89-A	■
90-C	91-Y	92-E	93-S	■	94-E	95-O	96-A	■	97-P	98-Y	99-X	100-T	101-L	■	102-C	103-W	■
104-Z	■	105-H	106-A	107-X	108-R	109-F	110-P	■	111-W	112-Z	113-O	114-K	■	115-H	116-U	117-X	118-B
■	119-K	120-Y	121-Z	■	122-D	123-K	124-F	125-M	■	126-F	127-V	128-W	■	129-O	130-Y	131-E	■
132-Q	133-X	134-D	135-U	136-T	137-C	■	138-H	139-P	140-L	141-M	■	142-Q	143-S	144-A	■	145-O	146-Q
147-X	148-R	149-P	150-G	151-N	152-T	153-S	■	154-E	155-C	156-D	157-W	■	158-Y	159-C	160-Z	■	161-P
162-M	163-G	164-U	165-T	166-H	167-V	■	168-L	169-D	■	170-N	171-U	172-B	173-W	174-R	175-M	176-Y	177-Z
■	178-B	179-L	180-Q	■	181-I	182-Q	183-X	184-T	185-Y	■	186-I	187-L	188-E	■	189-I	190-T	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Alien; exotic.

B. Capital of Iraq.

C. Commentator; annotator.

D. Clever imitation (slang) (comp.).

E. Eternity (German).

F. Supple, lithe.

G. Languor.

H. Whole; a united performance.

I. Laugh boisterously and scornfully (comp.).

J. Author of "The Fruits of Solitude."

K. Novel by George Eliot.

L. Primitive Roman god of the Dead.

M. Temporary expedient.

N. Inciting.

O. Scottish poet (1700-1748).

P. Members of a South African race.

Q. Universal, ideal element in art.

R. Never wearying.

S. Conches.

T. Weakened or ruined by degrees.

U. Arctic cetaceans.

V. Something serving to deaden a shock.

W. Casual, impromptu.

X. Oral, traditional.

Y. Utter insignificance.

Z. Good boxer (Gr. myth.).

WORDS

106 96 80 49 89 15 33 58 144

178 14 39 2 118 172 59

31 78 159 102 90 155 57 137 47

35 66 156 134 122 169

131 154 21 30 92 188 87 94

40 109 126 13 124 74

52 150 68 76 18 180 163 26 37

44 85 105 71 138 8 115 166

189 79 32 48 186 181

4 16 67 36

123 28 114 61 53 119

168 187 140 179 101

125 65 141 175 72 162 5 82 34

81 170 11 151 63 86

129 95 54 145 45 113 19

73 9 161 64 7 97 110 139 149 17

3 142 182 146 132

62 148 1 51 108 77 174 20

153 143 93 83 25 46

10 152 165 100 184 136 84 22 190 42

164 41 135 38 12 116 171 27

50 75 60 69 127 167

24 111 103 157 128 29 173

147 6 55 70 107 99 133 183 117

120 98 158 130 91 43 23 88 185 176 56

121 104 112 160 177

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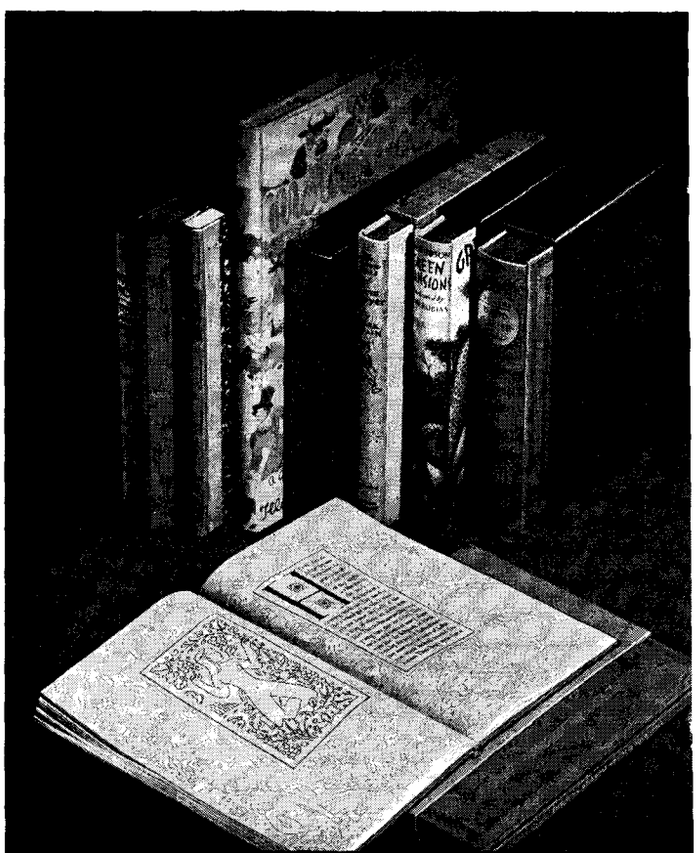

ONE YEAR AGO we invited a limited number of book lovers to become Charter Members of The Heritage Club. Because we had to know in advance how many books to make for the members, we decided to accept only 5,000 members. But 6,218 applied. So 1,218 were disappointed. This year we are increasing the membership to 7,500. Some of these new memberships will already have been subscribed before this announcement appears.

The reason for this gratifying success? Perhaps it is because it is all too seldom that such an honest value is made available to those who love beautiful books.

The Heritage Club distributes to its members "the classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future". These books are not "de luxe", nor are they old editions dressed up for a new market. They are especially designed by the most famous typographers, illustrated by the greatest of the world's artists, carefully printed by leading printers on RAG PAPERS chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, handsomely bound and placed in protective slip-cases.

The Directors are so confident that the books will delight the subscribers that they guarantee satisfaction! Any member may return for full credit any book with which he is not satisfied. Yet each member subscribes for twelve books in one year, and *pays only $2.50* for each! If he makes payment in advance for all twelve, *he pays only $2.25* for each!!

Last year the titles were selected by the booksellers of America. This year the titles have been chosen by the Charter Members.

THIS is the complete list:

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci by Dmitri Merejcovski, profusely illustrated in color by Leonardo himself; *Crime and Punishment* by Feodor Dostoievski, illustrated with wood engravings by Fritz Eichenberg; *Penguin Island* by Anatole France, illustrated with water-colors by Sylvain Sauvage; *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by S. T. Coleridge, illustrated in color by Gordon Grant; *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens, illustrated in color by René ben Sussan; *Walden* by Henry David Thoreau, illustrated with wood engravings by Thomas W. Nason; *Mother Goose Rhymes* edited by William Rose Benét, lavishly illustrated in color by Roger Duvoisin; *Sonnets from the Portuguese* by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, decorated in color by Valenti Angelo; *Droll Stories* by Balzac, translated by Jacques Leclercq, illustrated with drawings by Boris Artzybasheff; *Beowulf* translated by William Ellery Leonard, illustrated by Lynd Ward; *Great Expectations* by Dickens, illustrated in color by Edward Ardizzone; *South Wind* by Norman Douglas, illustrated by Carlotta Petrina.

These books will be treasures in *your* home. We urge you to apply for a membership at once. A form is printed at the right. If you will fill this out and mail it in now, a membership will be assigned to you. Then a Prospectus will be sent you, which describes the plan and all the books in detail. After a careful reading, you may cancel your membership if you wish; or else permit it to bring you twelve beautiful, *beautiful* books, each at less than the cost of an ordinary novel.

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

Application for Membership

THE HERITAGE CLUB, 595 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

I HEREBY APPLY for one of the limited number of Memberships in THE HERITAGE CLUB. I understand that this membership will be assigned to me permanently, but that I may relinquish it, at the conclusion of the publication of any annual series, by notice in writing.

Please enter my order now for the twelve books to be issued monthly to the members of the Club in the second series. I understand that I am guaranteed complete satisfaction in each book; that I may return any book, within two weeks after receiving it, for full credit.

☐ I agree to send you a remittance for $2.50 (plus nominal carrying charges) for each book immediately upon its delivery to me.

☐ I am taking a discount of ten per cent, and enclose herewith my check for $27, for which these twelve books will be sent me without further cost other than the carrying charges.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

*Bank reference*_____

SPECIAL CLAUSE

I understand that you will send me a free copy of your twenty-four page prospectus describing The Heritage Club in full detail; and that I may within two weeks from today cancel this application if I so decide.

SR

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